ENGLISH CATHOLICISM.

W. G. WARD IN THE ROMAN CHURCH.

WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL. By Wilfrid Ward, author of "William George Ward and the Oxford Movement." 8vo, pp. xlvi, 468. Macmillan & Co.

The value of this book lies chiefly in the light it throws on the problem of English Catholicism. For, though Ward was a man who possessed many interesting and unique characteristics, he was never a great leader of thought, in either the Anglican or Catholic Church. But he was intimately associated with those who were such leaders, and enjoyed their confidence and esteem. When he left the Anglican Church and joined the Catholic Church Catholicism was even more an exotic in England than it is now. "No longer," says Newman, in one of his sermons describing this period, "the Catholic Church in the country—nay, no longer, I may say, a Catholic community, but a few adherents of the old religion moving silently and sorrowfully about, as memorials of what had been. 'The Roman Catholics,' not a sect, not even an interest, as men conceived of it, not a body, however small, representative of the great communion abroad, but a mere handful of individuals who might be counted like the pebbles and detritus of the great deluge; and who, forsooth, merely happened to retain a creed which, in its day, indeed, was the profession of a Church." On the part of Catholics there was a keen appreciation of the fact that they were cut off from the religious, social and national life of the country. Indeed, they were in a sense proud of their isolation. In describing Old Hall, the Catholic college to which Ward was sent after his conversion, the biographer, who is a son of W. G. Ward, says: "There was not much intellectual culture. . . . In short, the intellectual appreciation of all the treasures of Catholic piety and doctrine, for which Mr. Ward looked, was not, superficially at least, to be found. . . . Catholicism was injected into the veins; it was not tasted before it was assimilated." Naturally, under these circumstances, the Dons at Old Hall looked with suspicion on new converts. In fact, Mr. Ward's reception was decidedly chilling. His greeting from the bishop was as follows: "We are glad to welcome you, Mr. Ward. Of course, we have no work for you."

Ward and Newman approached Catholicism from two distinctly opposite points of view. Newman was fascinated by the process of development in Catholic doctrine. Ward did not have the patience to understand or appreciate it. All that he cared to consider was the doctrines themselves; and the more faith they called for the more highly he prized them. He was, in fact, a man of most contradictory characteristics. An Englishman of Englishmen by nature and education, he nevertheless arrayed himself in opposition to the religious instincts of the English people; not only that, but he enjoyed doing so. He possessed that peculiarly erratic and combative disposition, noticeable in so many Englishmen, which made him feel happiest when he was denying what every one else affirmed. The pleasure he took in shocking the prejudices of people is frequently referred to by his biographer. It is a trait of character that is only amusing to those who do not come in personal contact with it. But in Ward's case it was counterbalanced by many amiable and lovable traits, which made him friends among those who most disagreed with his views. He did not merely bring to Catholicism the ordinary zeal of a convert; his love for it amounted to a passion, which took possession of every faculty of his mind. His new-found religion was to him all that there was in the universe worth investigating or thinking about. And it was only the more beautiful and precious to him because it was a forlorn hope. Much as he desired to see Catholicism grow in England, it is doubtful if he would have been quite happy had it suddenly become the dominant religion. Nature intended him always to be in the minority.

Ward and Faber were fond of engaging in half-humorous, half-serious controversies, in which Ward gratified to the full his love of paradox. "Shall I go into retreat?" Ward asked Faber one day. "A retreat?" exclaimed Faber. "It would be enough to send you to hell. Go to the play as often as you can, but don't dream of a retreat." He professed not to take the slightest interest in his children when they were small, and he hardly ever saw them. "I am always informed when they are born," he used to remark, "but know nothing more of them." When they grew older, however, he lavished upon them all the wealth of his affection. Says his eldest daughter: "One curious peculiarity was his horror of being thought pious. The name of God was always on his lips, but if I asked him what his particular devotions were he would probably answer, 'Gye and the Italian opera.' One day I put that very question to him, though I knew well as possible that the Sacred Heart and our Lord's Resurrection were the two mysteries he most loved, only I wanted to get him to talk about them. He answered by asking me a question. 'Are you often sublimely wrapt in ecstasy, unconscious of all sublunary things?' 'No.' 'Is it not rather absurd for me to ask you?' he said. 'Well, it is just the same for you to ask me such questions. Those things are quite out of my line.'" And again: "If he thought any one was pious he looked up to them with a humility that was almost amusing. An Irish man-servant of ours was in many ways tiresome and not very bright, but was considered pious. And I remember the tone in which papa said, 'McMahon is pious; I wish I was pious.' He told me one day that the Opera, a few nights before, had done him so much good, and he had poured out so many 'acts of love of God' between the acts."

Ward used to describe the strained relations that generally existed between him and the members of his family in terms of grotesque paradox. It was the custom in his family, he said, if two relations differed, for them to arrange not to speak, but to meet as strangers. As a rule, the fact that a relation did a thing was a good reason with Ward for doing exactly the opposite. When reproached with being unsympathetic to his relations, he replied: "On the contrary. The Wards have always differed on every conceivable subject. Therefore I best agree with my family by differing from them." Once when he and his Brother Henry had been estranged for a year or so, they accidentally met at the theatre. For the moment they both forgot that they were not on speaking terms, and talked together about the play in the most friendly manner. But next morning the following letter was received from Henry: "Dear William, in the hurry of the moment to-night, I quite forgot that we had arranged to meet as strangers; and I write this lest you should misunderstand me, to say that I think we had better adhere to our arrangement; and I remain, dear William, your affectionate brother, Henry Ward." William promptly replied as follows: "Dear Henry, I, too, had forgotten our arrangement. I agree with you that we had better keep to it; and I remain your affectionate brother, W. G. Ward." After some years, the friendships that were severed by his change of faith were in a measure resumed; and he frequently met Dean Stanley, Lord Coleridge, Dean Goulburn, Dr. Tait and others. He frequently spoke of Tait's refreshing candor when he was appointed Bishop of London. "Don't you feel the responsibility of the position to be very heavy?" Ward asked him. "I do," said Tait: "but" (after a pause), "I must in frankness add that its surroundings are very agreeable."

Notwithstanding his love of Catholicism, Ward was under no illusions in regard to its prospects of growth in England. He did not share the hopes aroused among English Catholics by the conversion of Newman, Faber, Dalgairns and himself. He was profoundly convinced of the anti-Roman temper of the English people, and in fact believed that an anti-Papal attitude was the necessary consequence of the traditions which Englishmen inherited. "If I were a Protestant," he once wrote, "I could not bring myself to tolerate Catholics. Fancy if there were a body of Englishmen who followed obsequiously the Lord Mayor of London as a matter of conscience. And they think much worse of the Pope than I of the Lord Mayor." And he was quite as frank in regard to the intellectual shortcomings of English Catholicism. "English Catholics," he said, "don't know what education means. Many of them can't write English. When a Catholic meets a Protestant in controversy, it is like a barbarian meeting a civilized man." He used to tell a good story of the routine preaching of the old-time priests of the day. One of them habitually read to a congregation of poor and illiterate people in an English village translations from the old court sermons of Bourdaloue. Ward and Grafton once attended such a service, and the former used to describe with keen relish the incongruousness of the discourse delivered to small tradesmen and workingmen. A stern rebuke from the New Testament was quoted, and then, with voice elevated, the preacher read from Bourdaloue: "Hear this, you young voluptuary. Hear this, you butterfly of fashion. Hear this, you that love to haunt the ante-chambers of the great." "I looked at Grafton," Ward added, "to see how we could divide the parts, which was the butterfly and which the voluptuary. For myself, I didn't think I looked much like a butterfly." Which was true enough, as he was a large and very stout man.

While Ward was an Anglican clergyman, he held, and claimed the right to hold, Roman Catholic doctrine; and it was always a grief to his friends in the Anglican Church that he could never see any dishonesty in this. Speaking of the interpretation of the Thirty-Nine Articles, in Tract No. 90, he said, in later years: "I am as strongly persuaded as I ever was that those Articles, worded as they are in the loosest and most slovenly way, were only meant to make a great splash of orthodoxy to the outward ear, but not to rule anything definite as against Rome, and so to alienate those subjects of the king or queen who had been born and bred in the old faith, and clung to it still."

The attitude of Ward toward the current of thought in English Catholicism is described as follows: "The acute collision between the two extreme parties (Ultramontanes and Liberals) in the eventful years preceding the Vatican Council, the comparative disappearance of both since then, and the subsequent renewal, in a more permanent form, of the combination of Ultramontanism with the endeavor to find a modus vivendi with modern thought and modern political conditions, make undoubtedly a turning-point in the history of contemporary Christian thought. In the events surrounding this crisis, Mr. W. G. Ward took, both directly and indirectly, an active share. He represented in politics and theology the unqualified opposition to the extremes of Liberal Catholicism, against which Pius IX's pontificate was a constant protest; and in philosophy his tendency was toward the fusion of Ultramontane loyalty, with a sympathetic assimilation of all that is valuable in contemporary thought, as the best means of purging it of what is dangerous." As might be expected, this attitude brought him into collision with Newman, who if not a Liberal, was certainly not an Ultramontane. Much as Ward revered Newman, he had no patience with his tenuous subtlety of mind, which, indeed, he could not understand. On the other hand, Newman frequently dissented from the radical positions taken by Ward while the latter was Editor of "The Dublin Review." One of the questions under discussion at that time was the dogma of Papal infallibility. Whether or not Newman was disposed to minimize this dogma, there was no uncertainty as to Ward's attitude. He was anxious to prove the sphere of infallible Papal utterances as large as possible, for he saw in the dogma the only refuge and protection from the unrest and unbelief of the day. "The great thing we want," said De Maistre, "is for the Pope to settle things one way or another." Ward cordially accepted this view. For a man so courageous in every other relation of life, he showed a strange timidity when called upon to face the problems of life and destiny. He wanted to find some one who would settle them all for him offhand. Most men, in looking for an infallible authority, would desire to use their reason. But even at this preliminary stage, Ward abdicated the use of his reason. He would not have presumed to investigate any claims that might be made in behalf of the Sovereign Pontiff. That they were made by the Church proves them to be divinely true.

Of course, Ward fought Liberalism, both in the Church and out of it. He looked upon the whole movement of modern life as diametrically opposed to the teachings of the Church. He was so consistent in this view that he fiercely condemned intellectual culture, because it fostered a spirit that made it hard to accept without question the dogmas of the Church. Liberalism in any form was the deadly microbe of religious negation. He held it to be impossible to catholicize Liberalism; therefore he fought bitterly all attempts to liberalize Catholicism. While Newman, on the other hand, formally condemned some of the principles of Liberalism, he approved of its intellectual enlargement. Though he preached submission to the Church's condemnation of certain conclusions of science, he refused to hold with Ward that the man of science should constantly test his conclusions by their agreement with the prevalent theological opinion, whatever it might be. The difference here was a crucial one, though perhaps neither of these men suspected it. Of the two Ward was the more consistent Catholic. Had Newman carried his minimizing principles to their logical conclusion, they would have led him ultimately out of the Church. It was at once Ward's weakness and strength that he was only able to see one side of a question. Newman always saw, not merely two, but an unlimited number of sides to every question that came up; and he could seldom resist the temptation to argue them all out. For this reason his sympathies were largely with the small group of cultured English Catholics who established "The Rambler," whose views Ward opposed with all his might in "The Dublin Review."

We have not the space here to follow in detail the whole of Ward's busy life, interesting and suggestive though it is. Whatever may be thought of his religious and intellectual attitude, there can be no question of his intense earnestness, honesty and singleness of purpose. Catholicism never had a truer son than he. To the end of his life he remained, if possible, more Roman than Rome and more Papal than the Pope, a strange and unique compound of modern culture and intelligence and unprogressive mediaevalism. And there seems something almost tragic in the fact that much of his labor was in vain, for the present Pope is adopting a policy of toleration toward Liberalism. He is using the supreme power which Ward was so eager to claim for him in promoting ideas which Ward abhorred. He encourages historical studies in the most absolutely candid and critical spirit. He has opened the Vatican archives to Protestant as well as Catholic students. He has approved of Pastor's extremely plain-spoken history of the Popes. In the opinion of Ward's biographer, these facts "are noteworthy evidences that he has meant what he said—that history is to be pursued by its own methods, and independently of its giving such results as are most acceptable to the Catholic controversialist." On the whole, it is fortunate for Ward's peace of mind that he is not living to-day, when the head of the Church is trying to do what Ward said could not be done, namely, to find some sort of modus vivendi for the Church and the modern spirit.

THE FIRST ACT OF A TRAGEDY.

From Woman.

You are sitting alone. . . . Suddenly you instinctively feel a sensation of horror of some evil influence that is present, but, as yet, unseen. You lift your eyes. You behold, gliding over the carpet toward you, without noise, apparently without the trouble of walking, a mouse. It stops; it fascinates you. . . . You feel your blood freeze, and your limbs slowly paralyze; your heart stops beating, your breath ceases, a cold chill creeps over you.

EDWARD LONGSHANKS.

THE FIRST ENGLISH KING WHO OUTWITTED THE ECCLESIASTICS.

EDWARD THE FIRST. By Professor T. F. Tout. Pp. vi., 238. Macmillan & Co. (Twelve English Statesmen.)

In this book the lean, active, long-legged figure of the first downright Englishman who sat on the throne of William the Conqueror is set up alongside of William himself, of Henry II, of Henry VIII and of Cromwell, filling out the little group of really great men who have reigned over the country in the last 800 years. England has had great men in every generation, but her kings have rarely been worthy of being counted among them. Perhaps Edward was at heart no more of a patriot than Henry II, but circumstances were such that he held toward the people a relation which the stout, red-headed, choleric Angevin from his place in the twelfth century would have deemed incomprehensible. The very name Edward, given to the baby Prince in memory of Edward the Confessor, shows that rulers and ruled, though they were still to have bloody conflicts with each other, had nevertheless reached a ground of mutual understanding. For the time of Edward the Confessor appeared to the masses of England as a sort of golden age when the world went well and when everybody was happy. They looked upon the name given to the young Plantagenet as an auspicious sign that the laws and customs under which, as they fancied, England had prospered, were to be restored. What really happened was the beginning of better things than had ever been dreamed of even by the best of Saxon kings. The sky began to brighten with the dawn of modern life, feudalism began melting away, something like representation in government was attempted, and the old mediaeval knight, the bulwark of anarchy, found himself no longer invincible in battle with foot soldiers.

There was not a little of the irony of fate in the fact that Edward, the flower of knighthood, the envy of the tourney field, who despised low birth, had to carry out reforms that destroyed his ideals of life.

The weakness of the preceding King proved the best training for Edward. He found out before he began to reign what the things were that the nation would not endure. Thus the conqueror of Simon de Montfort became the heir of that brave old warrior's ideas. In fact, he crushed De Montfort at Evesham by the use of the same military devices which the latter invented and successfully used at the battle of Lewes. In the Wars of the Barons he learned how to view things as they viewed them and how to put his finger on the peculiarity of the feudal system which made the conflict of king and baron inevitable. The result long afterward was the prohibition of tenancy within tenancy, wiping out, as with a sweep of the hand, successive grades of dependency. "Before long it was clear that a deadly blow had been given to the feudal principle itself. The constant creation of fresh links of feudal obligations was a necessary part of the vitality of the system." Tenure gradually lost all efficacy in politics. Probably nothing was further from the minds of Edward and his advisers than this result. Yet nothing could be more beneficial.

Edward had good luck often in the character of his opponents. He had to wage the same conflict with the ecclesiastics as Henry II. But Becket had been Henry's own man. He knew just what to do in order to defeat Henry's plans. On the other hand every effort of Edward to have his Chancellor, Bishop Burnell, raised to the primacy failed. In order to reward a man whose public career was beneficent, but whose private life was shameful, Edward exposed himself "to two well-merited rebuffs from Rome, as well as to the scandalous imputation of desiring to make the great places of the Church mere rewards for political good service." But Edward was saved the risk of creating another Becket. In view of the prolonged dispute between the monkish electors and the King, Pope Nicholas III appointed his own man, John Peckham, an almost fanatical Mendicant Friar, who thought the wealth of the Church was its ruin. Under the lead of this man as Archbishop of Canterbury, the clergy began at once to assert their privileges. Then Edward put himself on the ground which Peckham occupied, and by the statute of mortmain prohibited all future grants of land to ecclesiastical corporations. Peckham, as an honest Englishman and a good Christian, who believed in poverty, had not a word to say in reply to this legislation. No other victory of Edward, whether military or civil, was so brilliant as this. It seemed to be in the interest of the feudal lords; it was "largely a definition of previous custom," but it gained what previous monarchs had fought for in vain.

Professor Tout points out that mediaeval rulers were often as capable of broad diplomacy and of great international alliances as their successors. It was not brains nor skill that they lacked, but resources. Compared with the modern world, the Christendom of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries was poverty-stricken. Its wealth was hardly greater than that of Rome, with the additional defect that while the riches of the old empire were concentrated, those of mediaeval Europe were scattered. While this dispersion was necessary to future progress, for it enabled men to conquer the forests and wild lands in which they lived, it rendered combination impossible. One of Edward's most vexatious inheritances was a debt. He never freed himself from it, but rather increased it. His financial necessities were the main cause of every dispute that occurred between him and his subjects. The resentment he felt toward usurers intensified his persecution of the Jews, though his cruelties against them strengthened him with the people at large. But the need of money to carry on war for his continental possessions forced from him the confirmation of the charters, which is one of the turning points in the constitutional history of England. This act "stands in the closest relation to that development of the parliamentary system which is among the chief glories of the reign of Edward. Edward had called into being the parliament of three estates. By his concessions in 1297 he invested the body that had first met in 1295 with the highest and choicest of its powers. It was the greatest triumph of the popular principle that the age witnessed, and the triumph became all the greater when it was won from so fierce and strong a King as Edward." Of course the King, like every mediaeval ruler, tried to keep his promises in the letter and to violate them in spirit. But his own efforts to give England just courts, his life-long ambition to be known as a King who kept his word, restrained him. Hot and cruel he could be, but he had a wonderful reverence for law. By way of distinction, he has been called a lawyer, pure and simple. But he was a great deal more and a great deal less than a lawyer. He had the wisdom to gather men of practical learning about him, and to take their advice without being slavishly bound by it. The story of the way he imitated the tactics of De Montfort is in a sense the key to his whole career. This device recurs so often in respect to all his achievements in war, in legislation, in reform, as to mark his individuality. It shows that he was a greater man than his counsellors. Often it seems as though one could say in a given case that Edward asked his lawyers what principle would apply in certain conditions, and then carefully brought those conditions about. For example, Gaston, Viscount of Bearn, appealed to the Parliament of Paris to be released from his obligations as a vassal to Edward. But he had been a rebel in arms before he became an appellant, and legally he must be pardoned for his former acts before the great French law-court could take up his case. The King of France was anxious to foment disturbances among Edward's subjects, but he had to advise Gaston to make his peace in London. That was exactly what the English King desired. He "received his vassal's submission, but with characteristic, lawyer-like subtlety he maintained that the submission was equivalent to a renunciation of Gaston's appeal to Paris, and that the sole point remaining was to determine the Viscount's punishment. Philip saw that he was outwitted." Here, as at the battle of Evesham, and in the contest with Archbishop Peckham, Edward caught the enemy in his own trap.

Professor Tout's biography is compact and is rationally constructed. While no words are wasted, there is enough to give the general reader full knowledge of a period which was one of the turning points in English history.

A JOLLY OLD MAYOR.

From Black and White.

Don Jose Galendo, Mayor of the city of Alba, is in a parlous plight indeed. News from Madrid proclaims that His Worship has been taking unreasonable liberties with the public treasuries, and has, in fact, been proved guilty of two hundred and seventeen distinct forgeries, robberies, and so forth. The penalty for each separate crime is fourteen years' imprisonment, and as sentences do not run concurrently by Spanish law, poor Don Jose must go to prison for three thousand and thirty-eight years. This would amount to life sentences for three or four Methuselahs.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. Whittier's literary executor contradicts a published statement that the poet, when disgusted by the publication of the Carlyle correspondence, destroyed all of his own correspondence with his friends that he could obtain. To this executor Mr. Whittier intrusted, about a dozen years ago, several portfolios filled with valuable material, including many letters from distinguished authors and statesmen. Whatever passages in these papers he wished to have eliminated he pointed out to Mr. Pickard, and in the preparation of the forthcoming volumes strict attention has been paid to his wishes. Many hundreds of interesting letters will be found in these volumes—among them a number of the poet's early letters to Dr. Channing, Mrs. Sigourney and Jonathan Law.

The old Whittier homestead at Haverhill has been made to resemble as nearly as may be the home as it was in the poet's boyhood; and the number of pilgrims who visit it is daily increasing.

Mr. Edmund Gosse is making ready a new edition of Hazlitt's "Conversations with Northcote," and the volume, ornamented with a portrait of Northcote, will be brought out in the autumn.

Richard Blackmore, the author of "Lorna Doone," is said to look in his old age like one of his own West Country yeomen. He has a strong and rugged face, not without traces of humor.

The biography of the late distinguished comparative anatomist, Sir Richard Owen, is nearly ready for publication. It has been prepared by his grandson.

The late E. L. Bynner was a novelist whose work was carefully thought out and eminently correct in style. It is agreeable reading, and will probably find a place in all American anthologies; but we doubt if his books long survive in any other form. This is an age of pleasant "story-books"—books which are interesting and creditable in many ways, but which nobody wants to read a second time.

The official documents relating to the fleet commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham in 1587-'88 will form the first publication of the new English Navy Records Society.

The Macmillans have announced their intention to print hereafter no more large paper copies of any book than the advance orders call for.

Is Boston ceasing to be consciously or affectedly a literary town? Professor Arlo Bates seems to think so, for he notes in a letter to "The Book Buyer" that the city has given itself over so entirely to music that it begins to be doubtful whether she will much longer have any literary affairs to write about. If the literary man, he says, wishes to make a real success in Boston, it might be a good plan for him to write musical romances, in which the heroine is a musician who makes a triumphal first appearance at the Symphonies.

One of the most famous child's books in the world is the "Struwwelpeter" ("Shockheaded Peter") of Dr. Hoffmann, of Frankfort. It has been translated into English, Russian, Swedish, Danish, Dutch, bad French, Italian and Portuguese; it has gone all over Europe, the Americas, India, Africa and Australia. Its author, now a delightful old man of eighty-three, is sometimes lured into telling a friend, as a good joke, how, when first writing his noted picture-book, he never dreamt of having it published.

It was about Christmas time, and he had been searching high and low for a suitable picture-book for his little boy of nearly three years of age. But the books were all so clever, so gorgeously illustrated, so scientific or artistic, that they would not do at all. At last in despair he bought an empty copybook, and said to his wife, "I am going to make a picture-book for the boy—one that he can take in, and in which the tedious morals, 'be obedient!' 'be clean!' 'be industrious!' are brought home in a manner which impresses the mind of a young child." Dr. Hoffmann was head physician of the Frankfort Lunatic Asylum at the time, he knew nothing of drawing, but he set to work in his rare free hours, and on Christmas eve the copybook with the actual grewsome picture of all the naughty boys and girls which everybody knows lay under the Christmas tree as a present to the little two-year-old. The child was delighted with it, and a few days after Christmas at a family gathering the wonderful picture-book was shown as a good joke to friends. "Don't let the boy tear it," these counselled, "have it printed." The author laughed, and asked if he looked like the writer of children's picture-books.

Just at that time Dr. Hoffmann belonged to a small literary circle which met once a week in a quiet room. The meetings were characteristically called "The Baths in the Ganges." One of the members was the publisher, Dr. Loning. He saw the book, was delighted and offered at once to bring it out. It was late at night; the literary circle had been drinking hock, and Dr. Hoffmann, though earlier in the evening he had refused the offer, said laughingly, "Very well, then. Give me 80 gulden (about £5) and try your fortune." The youthful owner of the original howled at the idea that his picture-book had been taken away from him, but his father comforted him with the promise that he would get two books back presently, better than the first.

"Don't make it expensive!" Dr. Hoffmann advised his publisher, "and don't make it too strong. Children like to tear books as well as to read them, and nursery books ought not to be heirlooms. They ought to last only a time." The publisher agreed, and a first edition of 1,500 copies was sent into the world. They vanished as does a drop of water on a hot stone. No one was more surprised than the author himself. The publisher made a more generous offer to Dr. Hoffmann, and edition after edition was printed, till some years ago there had been 175 German and 40 English ones.

Andrew Lang declares that of all literary forgeries, the one which "was best led up to" was the pseudo Waverley novel "Moredun"—the MSS brought out in 1855 by E. de Saint Maurice Cabany, "Directeur-General de la Societe des Archivistes de France." The story which this man told concerning the MSS. was most cleverly put together, and his dates were accurate beyond question. But "Moredun" bears not a trace of Scott's style.

The first volume of Professor Pasquale Villari's long anticipated work upon the political institutions of Florence has just been published. It is to be translated and published in England.

The work upon "Latin Epigraphy," which Dr. J. C. Egbert, of Columbia College, is preparing, is nearly ready for publication. It will be a careful and convenient introduction to the study of Latin inscriptions. The work will be completed by a comprehensive bibliography and an index to the various volumes of the Corpus Inscriptionum.

Mrs. Clifford's strong book, "Aunt Anne," is coming out in French in Paris; and a German edition has already become popular.

A tiny prayer and hymn book and Bible, printed upon Indian paper, has just been issued by Eyre & Spottiswoode. The size is only 3¾ by 2½ by ⅞ inches.

General Bradley T. Johnson has finished his biography of George Washington, and the book will soon be brought out by the Appletons.

An edition of "The Humorous Poems of Thomas Hood," with an introduction by Canon Ainger, and illustrations by Charles E. Brock, is in preparation by the Macmillans.

General Lew Wallace's new book is nearly ready for the booksellers' table, and he has already set forth his inkstand and tested his pen for a new novel.

A valuable series of ninety-eight letters, addressed by Charles II to his sister, Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, will be the first published in their original form in the forthcoming monograph on "Madame," prepared by Mrs. Henry Ady.

Mr. W. H. Bishop, the novelist, and a Yale graduate, has accepted an appointment as Spanish and French instructor at the University.

"Catriona" will not supersede here as in England the original title of Stevenson's new story, "The Adventures of David Balfour." The book is coming from the press of the Scribners.

"L'Epopee Mystique de William Langland" is the title of the new volume in M. J. J. Jusseraud's valuable series dealing with the English of the Middle Ages.

Henrik Ibsen has set his heart on visiting England—a country which interests him deeply, though he knows nothing of English. The Briton, when Dr. Ibsen appears, will see a small, stout man, with a splendid head of long white hair, brushed up from an unusually high forehead.

The concluding and eighth volume of the Prose Works of Heinrich Heine, edited by Mr. Leland, has just been published. The Poetical Works, in four volumes, are to follow.

FOLK-MUSIC IN CHICAGO.

IV.

SONGS AND DANCES OF THE DAHOMANS.

REVELATIONS IN DRUMMING—AFRICAN RELICS IN AMERICAN SLAVE MUSIC.

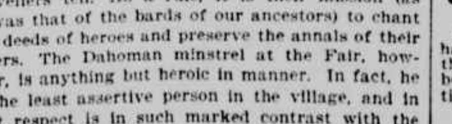
The music which may be heard in the Dahomey village in the Midway Plaisance bears out the statement so often made by travellers concerning the musical disposition of the African races. The village is near the extreme western end of the Plaisance. From the moment one enters upon this amusing avenue of frauds and fakirs his ears are kept filled with the din of Oriental music. Right and left, in front of every bazaar and playhouse, sit men and women in strange garb, blowing upon clarinets of diabolical shrillness and pounding upon drums. Strange that there should be so little in all this music to interest the investigator. Strange, inexplicable indeed, when it is remembered that these musicians belong to peoples whose civilization is many centuries old, and boasts a musical system which has been carefully worked out by learned men of the West as well as the East. Of course it is not fair to judge of Arabian or Turkish music by what one hears in the Plaisance. It is only the popular form of the art that is on exhibition, and this may bear the same relationship to the refined form as "Daddy Won't Buy Me a Bow-wow" to a Beethoven symphony. Still, the distinction which exists between this music and that which may be heard at the Dahomey village is a fit subject for comment, and enforces at the outset a recognition of the tremendous role which natural adaptability plays in this most elusive of all arts. The African is musical by nature, and in the rudest manifestations of the musical activity which he puts forth the Occidental student perceives a nearness to his own art which he cannot find in the music of the civilized peoples whose scientific and aesthetic notions differ from his own.

Let me point out some of these bonds of sympathy before discussing more nearly the music of the Dahomans. In the entire Plaisance, so long as one avoids German and Hungarian bands, and the Java village (to which I hope to recur later), not a chord of harmony can be heard until the Dahomey village is reached. Nor can one hear what I should like to call "natural" singing; that is, singing which seems to have its source in emotional feeling, and is calculated to awaken similar feeling in the listener. The singing of the Chinese, Japanese and Javanese is as rigidly conventional in the matter of vocal emission and absence of dynamic modulation as their posturing and pantomime on the stage. If it has expression at all, it is through some elements of association which are mysteries to the European. The negroes of Dahomey, on the contrary, sing with a spontaneous and natural emission of the voice. While the civilized peoples that I have mentioned use registers that make the artificial and unfeeling falsetto necessary, the Dahomans, as a rule, sing in the register and with the voice that are native to our music. Yet the Dahomans are savages. They have been in constant contact with white traders for a century or more, it is true, but that fact does not seem to have modified their manners and customs to a very great extent. They find the same "delight in singing, dancing and cutting off heads" now that they did when Forbes visited them forty-four years ago. Indeed, a bit of pantomimic action which I saw several times repeated at the Fair testified in a manner almost too graphic to be amusing to the love of decapitation which has been so much commented on by travellers. In the matter of instruments they are also far behind the Asiatic peoples that I have mentioned. A single harp, fairly representative of the best that Africa has produced, a unique flute, a horn of the most primitive type, a rattle, and an orchestra of drums and iron bells are all the instruments in the village. Flute, horn and harp are individual instruments, having nothing to do with the concerted music. The first and last are played, it seems, chiefly for the personal delectation of the performers. The horn is employed in giving horrific signals by a warrior, who struts up and down on the roofs of the front row of huts. It is the most primitive instrument in the group, nothing more than a tusk with an oval embouchure in the side near the closed apex. Such war trumpets, made of brass, were used by the ancient Celts. They have been found in the bogs of Ireland and elsewhere. "And the parade and tumult of the army of the Celts terrified the Romans. For there was among them an infinite number of horns and trumpets, which, with the shouts of the whole army in concert, made a clamor so terrible and so loud that every surrounding echo was awakened, and all the adjacent country seemed to join in the horrible din." (Polybius, Lib. II.) Save that the Dahoman trumpet, which is found all over Africa, is made of ivory instead of brass, it is practically identical with the "stuic" or "stock" of the ancient Irish, which was used on the tops of the round towers to assemble congregations, proclaim new-moons, etc.

The Dahoman horn, or trumpet, as has been said, is sounded by blowing into, or across, an embouchure on the side. In this it recalls what was undoubtedly the earliest form of flue instruments. The Dahoman flute is another. I had never seen one like it or even read a description of one. The rough drawing herewith will save many details of description.

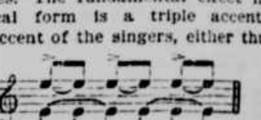
DAHOMAN FLUTE AND HARP.

The jug-handle extensions at the sides near the top (the instrument is held perpendicularly when played) seem to be ornaments merely. The embouchure is at the upper end, and the sound is produced by blowing across the top, as boys whistle with keys, and the slaves in the South used to blow on the "quills" which they carried loose in their pockets. So also the ancients played upon their Pan's pipes. Development away from the Pan's pipes toward the modern flute is exemplified in the finger holes, of which there are three, two at the ends of the small crosspiece near the top and one at the bottom. By governing these ventages the player produced five tones, keynote, second, third, fifth and sixth, the latter, however, in its inversion, so as to figure as the third below. The scale is, therefore, pentatonic, fourth and seventh being omitted as in the case of so much Scotch, Irish, Chinese, Japanese and American Indian music. The effect is shown in the following melody tootled by our Dahoman flautist while sauntering around on the dancing platform in the noon intermission:



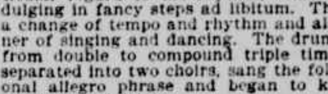
The harp player in the village seems to be an excellent representative of the minstrels of whom travellers tell. As a rule, it is their mission (as it was that of the bards of our ancestors) to chant the deeds of heroes and preserve the annals of their rulers. The Dahoman minstrel at the Fair, however, is anything but heroic in manner. In fact, he is the least assertive person in the village, and in that respect is in such marked contrast with the natives of Chicago itself as to suggest the thought that his ministrations might be profitable for refinement could they but be diffused. He sits beside his little hut all day, a spear thrust into the ground by his side, strums an unvarying accompaniment upon his instrument and sings little descending melodies in a faint, high voice. In every respect he fills the description given by Dr. George Schweinfurth in his "Heart of Africa," of the minstrels of the Niam-Niams, who are as "sparing of their voices as a worn-out prima donna," and whose minstrelsy "may be said to have the character of a lover's whisper." His instrument, as may be seen from the rude drawing herewith, is at once primitive yet considerably developed. It has eight strings accurately tuned diatonically, but omitting the fourth of the major scale. It is about two and a half feet high, and has gut strings, which the player undoubtedly gets from the French traders, musical instrument strings in the interior of Africa being made, as a rule, either of hair or vegetable fibre. In this tuning lies the proof of the modern development of the instrument; its primitive character is shown in the absence of the pole, which ought to form the hypothenuse of the triangle. Without this pole it is impossible to apply sufficient tension to the strings to secure more than a faint tone. But the most perfect harps of the ancient Egyptians lacked the pole. The most interesting feature of the minstrel's song is the fact that he accompanies it with harmony. With his right hand he plays, over and over again, a descending passage (dotted quarters and eighths) of thirds; with his left he syncopates ingeniously on the highest two strings. Harmony is not uncommon in Africa. Bowditch noticed the employment of thirds in a dirge for flutes in Ashantee (a country of the Guinea coast which adjoins Dahomey), and a German traveller, Herman Soyaux, twelve or fourteen years ago noted down a war song of the M-balundas, a tribe of cannibals who are very fond of music, which was antiphonal between solo and chorus. The music of the chorus was four-voiced, and made use of the dominant-seventh chord with its resolution.

That the Dahomans have a knowledge of harmony may be learned at the Fair from another source than the harping minstrel. The chief occupation of the villagers is to give exhibitions of their dances, which are accompanied by choral song and the beating of drums and bells. The song is sung by men and women in unison; the harmony, singularly enough, is supplied by the band of percussion instruments. It is a triad which is broken up in a most intricate and ingenious manner, but the instruments are tuned with excellent judgment. The fundamental tone comes from a drum made of a hollow log, about three feet long, with a single head, played by one who seems to be the leader of the band, though there is no giving of signals. This drum is beaten with the palms of the hands. A variety of smaller drums, some with one, some with two heads, are beaten variously with sticks and fingers. The bells, four in number, are of iron, and are held mouth up and beaten with sticks. The players have the most remarkable rhythmical sense and skill that have ever come under my observation. Berlioz, in his supremest effort, with his army of drummers, has nothing to compare in artistic interest with the harmonious drumming of these savages. The fundamental effect in respect of rhythmical form is a triple accent against the double accent of the singers, either thus:

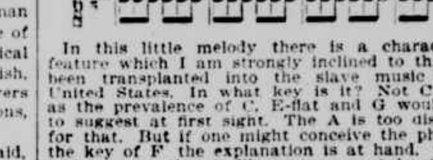


or as indicated in the quick marching song of which I shall speak presently. But it is impossible to convey an idea of the wealth of detail achieved by devices of syncopation, dynamics, etc., except by scoring the part of each instrument.

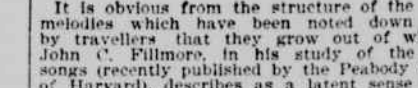
A large contingent of the King of Dahomey's army is composed of women who are devoted to celibacy and are said to be even more brave and bloodthirsty than the men. There are twenty-one women in the Dahomey village who play the part of Amazons in the dances which take place several times a day under a pavilion in the centre of the square bounded by the native huts. The dances which I witnessed seemed all to be war-dances and were pantomimic in character. The dancers formed in line and moved with measured steps, keeping admirable time, up and down the dancing floor, sometimes in direct, but oftener in an oblique movement. The actions of cocking the guns, aiming and firing, made up part of the pantomime. The songs consisted of frequent reiteration, at intervals filled with the drumming (which was incessant so long as a performance lasted), of short phrases. I am indebted for two specimens to Mr. Heinrich Zoellner, the conductor of the Liederkranz, who is not only an excellent composer, but a student profoundly interested in folk-music. Two dances were performed while Mr. Zoellner was in the village, or it may have been one dance in two parts, as he is inclined to think. To the first the dancers sang the following slow melodic phrase from thirty to fifty



times, while the band drummed in double time and the dancers advanced and retreated without particular regard to the rhythm, some individuals indulging in fancy steps ad libitum. Then there came a change of tempo and rhythm and also in the manner of singing and dancing. The drummers changed from double to compound triple time, the singers separated into two choirs, sang the following antiphonal allegro phrase and began to keep step with absolute precision:

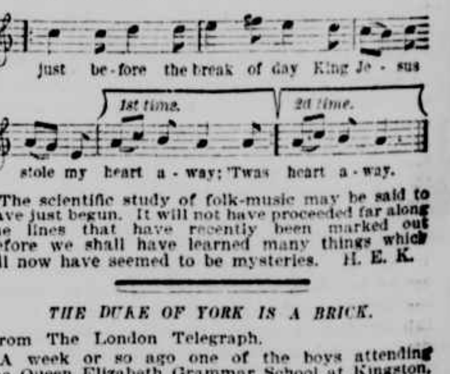


In this little melody there is a characteristic feature which I am strongly inclined to think has been transplanted into the slave music of the United States. In what key is it? Not C minor, as the prevalence of C, E-flat and G would seem to suggest at first sight. The A is too disturbing for that. But if one might conceive the phrase in the key of F the explanation is at hand. Then it will be seen that it illustrates, or at least points to the origin, of the great predilection which our slave melodies show for a flat seventh in major melodies. A great many slave tunes might be cited in evidence, but I take a single one, because of its familiarity—the much-admired "spiritual" "Roll, Jordan, Roll."



It is obvious from the structure of the African melodies which have been noted down for us by travellers that they grow out of what Mr. John C. Fillmore, in his study of the Omaha songs (recently published by the Peabody Museum of Harvard), describes as a latent sense of harmony. It is too early to attempt to tell why, but the fact is that while the negroes, like so many other savage and semi-civilized peoples, use the pentatonic scale by preference, they do not always eschew the seventh, but use it as a diminished interval. In the cases before us they combine it with the tonic triad, and thus show, unconsciously, appreciation of the fifth relation. They seem to feel the tone as the essential element in the dominant-seventh chord of the under fifth. Some times they resolve it properly enough into that key, as in the case of the song, "There's a Great Camp Meeting in the Promised Land," which was adduced at the recent Musical Congress in Chicago as a striking illustration of the prevalent use among the slaves in America of the flat seventh.

In that song the first division closes with a perfect cadence in F major. The next phrase begins as abruptly as the third measure of the Dahoman example, with E-flat. The American negroes, however, in this case, having been for a long time directly under the influence of European music, resolve the chord properly into B-flat. The Dahomans seem satisfied in the last measure to treat the E-flat as a grace note, and find sufficient sense of repose in the F major triad. In "Roll, Jordan, Roll," our own singers have as little compunction about going straight back to their tonic triad. This effort at analysis is put forth with all due timidity; but investigation will probably justify it, or something like it. There are other survivals of African elements in our slave songs, though perhaps none of them is so striking as this. It deserves to be noted in connection with this that the interval is treated the same whether it be major or minor. Singing in the latter mode our slaves were wont to introduce a major or a sharped sixth, as is exemplified in the following camp-meeting song (third measure, second part), which I have from a lady in Louisville, who learned it fully fifty-five years ago in Boyle County, Kentucky:



The scientific study of folk-music may be said to have just begun. It will not have proceeded far along the lines that have recently been marked out before we shall have learned many things which till now have seemed to be mysteries. H. E. K.

THE DUKE OF YORK IS A BRICK.

From The London Telegraph.

A week or so ago one of the boys attending the Queen Elizabeth Grammar School at Kingston, Logan by name, wrote privately to the Duke of York, and suggested that he should use his influence to secure the boys of the royal school an additional week's holiday at midsummer, as an appropriate way of celebrating the recent auspicious marriage. The Duke of York appears to have approved of the idea, for a few days ago the governors of the grammar school were surprised to receive a letter from Sir Francis de Winton, stating that His Royal Highness would be pleased if they would grant the asked-for holiday. Nothing was known by the masters or other authorities of the request made by the boy till the letter was received from Sandringham. At a meeting of the governors held yesterday it was unanimously agreed to accede to the request. The announcement was received with ringing cheers for the Duke and Duchess of York.